



The police can't help you. No one can.



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Chapter 1 by Catherine Grace (doctor who addict)

Your name is Colin. You are a man in your mid-twenties. You have a strong sense of right and wrong. And to add to all this, you were walking home in the woods at night and you think you just saw a pale girl in a black hoodie stab someone to death.

Chapter 2 by Phantim



She was pretty hot though. If there was ever a reason to follow a girl at night, /that was it/. Wait, no. You shouldn't be having thoughts like that. You are a man of conviction. Still, you should follow the girl. If she is dangerous, you need to stop her. If she was hot... well maybe you could still find out where she lived. Yes - for Justice you would follow her. So you do.

She moved quietly through the woods. Her black outfit makes it hard to see and follow her, but you manage. She may be good, but she had already been seen by you. A few times you catch her cute pale face glance over her shoulder, but you are quick to duck away. Every time you see her face you feel a little bit more excited. This night was getting to be very excited... and it hadn't even begun to ramp up.

Chapter 3 by Catherine Grace (doctor who addict)



Suddenly she vanished into the trees. You didn't know where she went. You were good at this, so where did she go?

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You stand still to think and feel the cold metal of a knife against your throat.

"Hello, would you mind telling me why you're following me?"

Chapter 4 by Phantim



"Well, I uh, was following you for justice," you reply.

"What is that supposed to mean?" she asks.

"Well, I thought it was dangerous for a girl to be alone in these woods at night so I was following you to make sure you got home safely," you answer.

"Oh, really?" she asks impishly. The knife presses a little harder against you.

"Yes! Really! Also you seemed a little suspicious. I saw your knife, so I thought if you were innocent or if you were dangerous... either way I should follow you," you reply nervously.

"Ah, I see," she says. You feel the knife disappear and by the time you turn around the girl appears to have vanished too.

Chapter 5 by Catherine Grace (doctor who addict)



She reappears in the trees, a ways away. Close enough to be shot by the gun pressed into the small of your back that you keep for emergencies. The thought calms you. She speaks. "I know you saw the killing."

"Eh, yes." You are doing your best not to stutter. You focus on the cold metal of the weapon.

"Well, you see I didn't see all that clearly and-" You're hoping to preserve the situation. You'd rather not make her angry, both for your safety, her safety, and the fact that you still find her hot. The black hoodie she's wearing isn't zipped, so you can see the... appropriately tight black tank top she's wearing underneath. You notice that the rim of her sweater is actually colored gold.

She interrupts you mid-sentence. "I would appreciate it if you kept your eyes up here. thank

you. And I know you saw." She takes an intimidating step forward. "You have no idea what you're dealing with!"

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You stand up straight. "I know I'm dealing with a lawbreaker. And that's all I need to know." You pull out your gun and your badge. You are a police officer.

She laughs and takes another step forward. "You can't understand. You're HUMAN." She says the word like it's the word mucus.

She takes another step towards you. You give a warning and she laughs it off, taking another step. She's close now, oh so close.

She takes another step...

Chapter 7 by Catherine Grace (doctor who addict)



You fire. The bang hurts your ears. You've gone soft recently. The bullet can't be seen, the only thing that can is the blood staining her shoulder. She cusses at you.

"You little shit, what the hell did you do that for?"

You're speechless. Though she seems angry, she doesn't seem... well, hurt in any way, minus the blood. It looks black, but that's probably just the darkness of the forest.

"Now they're gonna find us, you asshole!" She stands up straight and listens to the darkness.

"Oh no."

Chapter 8 by Catherine Grace (doctor who addict)



Dark things will always hide in the shadows. Terrible, unjust things that kill for no reason.

I watched as the dark things swarmed forward at the two of us. I watched her take that knife and strike them down, one by one. I watched as she blocked, dodged, and fought back the evil dark things. At that moment I knew. They were the darkness under your bed, the things you fear in the blackness of night. Even though you can't put shape to them. Even though you tell yourself you're being silly.

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She stood up straight and looked at me.

There will always be the Dark things. They will hide in the shadows. And it's a good thing you are scared of them, because they are frightening. They kill and have no sense of right and wrong.

But at that moment I knew. I knew, even though those dark things crawl, even though they kill...

There will always be her.

the end

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